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Folk, Earl of Arden, grandfather to Henry  
of England, bore the brown brand of his  
ancestral lineage to the Holy Land; and  
the name of Plantagenet, from the  
Flemish, descended to the English  
Kings.

Somewhere, with a lady named Nor-  
bury a few days ago on the majority of 21 for  
the third reading of the Catholic bill, "Poh!"  
replied the venerable joker, "that's nothing;  
it was within of a minority, you know."

A gentleman by the name of Marble was  
married to a Miss Moss, in defiance of the  
doctors—"A rolling stone will never gather  
moss."

Disgrace, the cynic, being asked which  
was the best wine, answered, "that which he  
drank at other men's cost."

Talking of the House of Commons in com-  
pany with Lord Liverpool, Madame de Stael  
remarked to his lordship, that she was well  
acquainted with the British orators. "I have  
read," said she, "all their speeches, which  
appear to be more admirable for their length  
than for their value. But there is one  
that I now read—Mr. Hawkesbury, what  
became of him? He used to fatigue me  
more than all the rest put together!" [Lord  
Liverpool was formerly Lord Hawkesbury.]

In St. John's Hall, one day, during dinner,  
there happened to be a great paucity of wait-  
ers. A gentleman, impatient at the delay,  
at length exclaimed, "Oh, if we couldn't get  
a waiter!" "The Devil we can't," said Mr.  
B., "who sat opposite, 'I think we are all  
waiters.'"

A French gentleman, some days since, ap-  
plied to the secretary of one of the London  
charities to know the nature of its foundation.  
The clerk was proceeding regularly to in-  
form him, when he was interrupted by a  
man and twelve vice-presidents, when he was  
interrupted by "Ah, but you got twelve vic-  
tics, that is, twelve, and you have twelve vic-  
tics, they will be all too strong for that gen-  
tleman."

A Barchanah candidate offering for a  
Country Borough, the electors unanimously  
agreed that he was a very proper man to  
sup-  
port.

One person rises in the morning at half past  
nine, another at six. If each live to be fifty  
years old, the one will have enjoyed 63,873  
hours, or 2,661 days, more than the other.

At Vienna, wax and tallow candles were  
made with wicks of straw or paper, taken as  
if it had been cheese. According to the  
German journals, they last ten hours, and  
neither smell, smoke or run down.

At one of the late Whitehouse Club Ser-  
mons, near B., a collier, during the  
lecture, had fallen under the somniferous  
influence of a early potatoes, his carcase was  
truly in the Church, but where his thoughts  
were further appear, for when the Clerk  
struck up as usual, with "let us sing," &c.  
he rose, and sang the words of the song  
"Aye, Jack," and said "let's have a song  
—sing, if I was not fast asleep."

"How O'Blarney come yet?" said one schol-  
ar to another, as he entered the academy.—  
"No," replied the lad, "but I expect my  
soul, for I just now saw his nose coming  
round the corner."

Shortly after the commencement of the last  
war a tax was laid on candles, which, as a  
Scotch lecturer would prove, made them  
dear. A Scotch wife in Greenock remark-  
ed to the chandler, Paddy Macbeth, that the  
price was raised, and asked why. "It's  
dear to the war," said Paddy. "The war?"  
said the astonished matron. "Gracious me!  
are they going to fight by candle-light?"

In the retreat of the French from Moscow,  
Count Segur relates the rather singular cir-  
cumstance of a hussar's hat entering the  
body of a horse, which burst there, and blew  
him to pieces, without wounding his rider.  
Who fell upon his legs, and went on!

A military officer, of diminutive stature, was  
lately driving on a horseman considerably above  
his feet in height. "Hold up you head," said  
the officer, elevating the chin of the trooper  
with the head of his cane, to an angle of near  
forty-five degrees. "Hold up your head, and  
throw your eyes somewhat to the right  
towards me," said the officer, with much ap-  
parent simplicity. "Yes always," answered  
the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear  
little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "I shall never  
see you again."

A punter being asked by a musician whether  
he was not a lover of harmony, replied  
"Yes, but I prefer it when it is arranged, for,  
then it is money, and that, my friend, is the  
better half of it. I have no objection to your  
note, but I like those of the bank of England  
much better; your money makes good